

SEARCH FOR FABULOUS WEALTH

Jewels and Gold of Big Value the Object of Treasure Hunt.

Lost Treasures Disappeared a Half Century Ago—Valuable Jewels Stolen From the Peruvian Government—Confession of One of the Pirates Leads to the Search Started by a Norfolk Woman.

In one of the most romantic hunts for lost treasures, jewels and money that disappeared half a century ago, a former Norfolk girl will play the leading role.

She is Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcock, formerly a Miss Higgins, of Norfolk, a first cousin of the late Col. A. M. Higgins.

The treasure is old Peruvian jewels and gold, valued at \$15,000,000, and are said to be buried on the island of Cocos, five hundred miles southeast of Panama.

There is a tinge of romance to Mrs. Hitchcock's life and her golden quest which would do credit to the most imaginable writer of improbable romances.

The isle of Cocos is said to be a veritable treasure island, with millions in hidden treasures in its sands. In the waters surrounding this isle swims schools of shark which make life dangerous to the ventures.

The latest search to be undertaken to find the hidden treasures of Cocos is best told in Mrs. Hitchcock's own words, as she quoted in the New York Herald; she says:

I wish it distinctly understood that I care little for money. In fact, I am going to turn the treasure hunting feature of the expedition over to the Boston capitalist who is building a ship expressly for the purpose. He has already engaged a captain with a picked crew of Gloucester men, tried and true, who would not betray confidence or be tempted by any amount of money. My mission to the island is wholly scientific. I have heard so much about the wonderful formation there, the loveliest landscape on earth, the rare orchids, some of them yet to be classified, and the most beautiful known to botanists.

THREE TREASURES.

"There are three treasures on the island—first that buried by the pirate Bonita; second the millions stolen from the Peruvian government and buried by the crew of the English bark Mary Dear; third, a little bagatelle, a million of Mexican dollars, hidden under a certain arch on the island. The three treasures have been vainly searched for by expeditions supposed to have had inside information as to where the treasure was buried. All have failed, but we shall succeed. We shall be accompanied by the Klondike man who had the map. This, with our other data, will enable us to find the treasure, which will have a world wide fame.

"Of course, everybody is seeking the identity of the Boston millionaire building the ship and furnishing the money for the enterprise. I understand that everyone is asking the name of my angel. It is simply a matter of cold business between myself and a practical man of business.

"My people are all of naval stock and though I was living in the south during the civil war and my people were bitterly opposed to the north, I fell in love with Roswell D. Hitchcock, the son of Dr. Hitchcock, who succeeded Dr. Adams as president of the Union Theological seminary. So you see it was quite an experience for a young girl to leave her southern family and become the wife of a commander in the United States navy. With my husband I sailed all over the world."

Mrs. Hitchcock's confidence that she will find the much sought for treasure of Peruvian jewels and gold is based upon the purported confession of Jack Thompson one of the men who stole and hid it during the war between Peru and Chili. This man Mr. Hitchcock met on her fifth trip to Klondike. Some time later she heard Admiral Fairlie allude to the hidden treasure of Cocos, and his statement corroborated the confession of the dying Thompson. She then determined to form an expedition to make the search. A big Boston shipping firm offered to back her, which was accepted.

The confession of Jack Thompson is in part:

"In 1855, when I was eighteen years old, I shipped on board the Mary Dear, from Bristol to Valparaiso. The captain died on board. We discharged cargo at Valparaiso, then drifted to Vallec, a Peruvian port. At that time there was war between Peru and Chili. The commandant of the fort, fearing the Chilians would capture the treasure, asked us take the valuables aboard the boat which we did.

MILLION SET ASHORE.

"In some way we learned that our cargo was an extraordinary rich one, worth millions. This was a temptation too great for the crew to withstand. That night we slipped our cables, hoisted sail and, with a strong wind in our favor, put to sea. It was broad daylight before the Peruvians discovered our departure, and they sent their fastest sailing vessels after us, but could not overhail our ship. Then the problem arose how to dispose of the treasure, which by the way required eleven small boats to transfer it from our ship to the island."

The old man went on to say that soon afterward a heavy storm arose, the Mary Dear was dismasted, and the crew was picked up by Peruvian war vessels. Every man was court-martialed and sentenced to be hanged at daylight. Thompson and two others were spared on condition that they revealed

the place where the treasure was secreted. To deceive the Peruvians they located the treasure on one of the Galapagos group of islands. Thither the Peruvians went in search of their lost millions. While in the bay of Panama the Peruvians were stricken by yellow fever, and one night while half delirious Thompson jumped overboard and swam to a whaler just in from a cruise and anchored near the ship. The captain was only too glad to add to the number of his crew, and Thompson received a warm welcome.

During a three years' cruise the whaler touched at the island of Cocos, and while there Thompson and his two companions visited the spot where the treasure was hidden. They found the place completely overgrown with orchids, and but for a tree standing near they would not have known where to search. The treasure was still intact. The men filled their pockets with gem and money and returned to the ship. One of them a New England man, found himself wealthy, and retired to his native land and built a whole block of houses.

Friends in Norfolk of Mrs. Hitchcock stated last night that she had not resided here since she was a girl, although since her marriage to Lieut. Hitchcock. She has often visited in Norfolk. She is a remarkable woman, and her life reads like a fairy tale.

Lord Fitzgerald, of England, was one of her ancestors. General Edward Higgins, her uncle. Formerly of the United States army, was a classmate of Admiral Porter, of our navy. At the battle of New Orleans they fought

WAS GHEEN MARRIED?

Alleged Widow Qualifies—Mr. W. Thomas Gheen, an Uncle, Institutes Proceedings to Remove Her.

A pretty legal fight promises to attend the settlement of the estate of the late Will E. Gheen, who was killed by a switch engine at the Salisbury cotton mill on the 13th of January. Shortly after young Gheen's death his uncle, Mr. W. Thomas Gheen, of Franklin township, administered upon the estate but later an Asheville woman alleging that she had been married to the deceased, appeared upon the scene, and qualified as executrix. Should she sustain her claim in the superior court she will continue to act as executrix. She has already instituted suit in the superior court of Buncombe county for \$20,000 against the North Carolina railroad on account of Mr. Gheen's death. An Asheville special says of the case:

Alleging that she never married the deceased, W. E. Gheen, his uncle, W. T. Gheen, of Salisbury, has instituted legal proceedings against Mrs. Stella Gheen, alias Mrs. Stella Summer, to have her removed as the executor of the dead man's estate. The whole matter hinges upon whether or not the woman was married to W. E. Gheen, and in the hearing of the case which was held here yesterday the testimony upon this point was very conflicting and contradicting.

Mrs. Summer contends that she was married to Mr. Gheen at Greenville, S. C. secretly, November 28, last; that they agreed to keep it secret for a time and that later they removed to Asheville and began housekeeping.

In support of this a number of witnesses testified at the hearing before the clerk of the superior court yesterday. J. W. Mathews, of Lexington, Ky., stated on oath that he was a witness to the marriage the evening named, and Mrs. Gheen related with much circumstantiality of detail how she was driven to residence of a man she believed to be a minister in a closed carriage and there married. Two men then testified Gheen had introduced the woman as his wife.

On the other hand the petitioner introduced documentary evidence to prove that Gheen was in Asheville at the time the marriage is alleged to have occurred. He was an employee of the Southern, and the records show that during the month he was off, but the days were none of them the days named and that on November 28th he was at work in Asheville. At the conclusion of the hearing the clerk of court ordered that Mrs. Gheen alias Mrs. Summer, be the proper person to administer the estate of the deceased; that the petition be dismissed and that the petitioner pay the costs.

An appeal was taken to the superior court and in the event the decision is in favor of the petitioner he will, it is stated, carry it to the supreme court—Savannah Post.

There is a story going the rounds of the capital which would seem to show that the pages of the senate are not very well up in contemporary history. Senator Lodge and Senator McCreary are a sub-committee on foreign relations to consider the message of the president on the claims of Cope Whitehouse to the Wadi Raiyan, Egypt, and Mr. Whitehouse had sent a card to the senator from Kentucky.

Senator McCreary's private secretary was sitting in the senate anteroom when a page came up and asked whether the senator was in his room, and was answered in the negative. Presently a second page came up and asked whether the secretary knew where Senator McCreary could be found, and was told that he was somewhere close at hand. In less than a minute a third page appeared and asked in excited tones, "Can't you tell us where Senator McCreary is?"

Thereupon the secretary said: "Look here. What is all this about? What do you all want the Senator for in such a hurry?" To which the page replied:

"The president has sent up the Pope from the Whitehouse with a message for Mr. McCreary."—Savannah News.

IS THE MOON INHABITED.

Science has proven that the moon has an atmosphere, which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on this earth of ours; especially those who don't know that Electric Bitters cure Headaches, Jaundice, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, Kidney complaints, General Debility and Female weaknesses. Unequalled as a general Tonic and Appetizer for weak persons and for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by R. R. Bellamy, Drugist. Price only 50c.

TO REMEDY MONEY EVILS

Plan Under Discussion to Establish a Bank in New York With Capital of \$50,000,000.

New York, April 13.—It was learned today that a plan is under discussion among certain bankers in this city to establish a bank with a capital of \$50,000,000 for the purpose of regulating money rates and preventing periods of money stringency and accompanying high rates of interest. The movement was given some impetus by the recent stringency in the money market. The name of the National City Bank was mentioned in connection with the plan and one suggestion was made that the stock of that bank be increased by \$25,000,000 or \$50,000,000 in order to give it a control of the financial situation in this city sufficient to prevent the recurrence of periods of extreme high rates for money. Another suggestion was that a trust company be organized under the direction of the National City Bank. Officials of the bank declared, however, that they were not taking more than a passing interest in the various plans.

Some financial concerns which have taken an interest in the movement assert that such an institution might exercise considerable control over the foreign exchange situation to the detriment of regulating imports and exports of gold somewhat as does the Bank of England. A leading bank official, however, said that the only cure for such money evils as the New York market was recently witnessed lay in the establishment of a central bank which shall be given the power of issue in times of emergency.

It was ascertained today that a series of questions bearing upon this subject has been forwarded by a special currency committee of the New York State chamber of commerce to clearing house committees of the leading cities of the United States. The bankers are asked to notify the New York committee whether they believe that a "central note issuing bank" similar to those in France, Germany, Austria-Hungary and other countries in Europe with branches in leading cities and with the power to discount for national banks and state banking institutions, but not for individuals, would be a better solution of the present currency problem than a plan permitting all banks to issue notes against the resources.

Human Flood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Bac, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since." It cures Hemorrhages, Chronic Coughs, Settled Colds and Bronchitis, and is the only known cure for Weak Lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by R. R. Bellamy, Drugist, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Stringent Money.

Wall street's speculative community is much disturbed over the prevailing stringency in the local loan market, because tight money has nipped in the bud extensive plans for an active bull demonstration in the current month. It is, indeed, unfortunate, for speculators who have stocks on their hands that they cannot so govern the money supply in this country as at all times to have quotations for loans in their favor. The fact that they are unable to control the money market has created much pessimism among them, and they now express for publication their belief that the bank presidents have entered a conspiracy to deprive them of their "rights" in the matter of borrowing. They repeat the old charge that the clearing house institutions are manipulating money rates in order to enforce stock market liquidation and in this way create an insurmountable obstacle in the way of higher quotations for securities. The fact is that the banks in the last year have been altogether too generous with speculators.

Thirty per cent call money and an unusually stiff time money market are not due to manipulation of rates by the banks. There is an absolute scarcity of funds at this center available for lending purposes, owing to the active demand for the same by the banks of the country in connection with industrial expansion, to the increasing government receipts over expenditures and to the large amount of money which is tied up in speculative operations in the stock and cereal markets and in real estate. Last Saturday's bank statement showed a deficit in reserve above legal requirements of more than \$2,500,000, due to a large decrease in cash and an expansion in loans. The latter item reaching the tremendous total of \$1,032,709,400, against a cash item of \$248,299,700. As deposits are more than four times as large as actual cash holdings, and as the percentage of reserve is below the legal limit, the necessity for drastic contraction in loans may readily be appreciated. Some relief doubtless will be given to the money market through the avenue of golden imports, but according to the belief of the best informed bankers the receipts of the precious metal from abroad will not be large enough to bring about an easy market for loans in the near future. At this season the demand for money from interior points in connection with the spring trade and the planting season in the agricultural sections of the country is heavy, and this year the requirements of out-of-town cities are larger than usual, owing to the activity in all lines of business. If legitimate business should suffer from the scarcity of funds, the secretary of the treasury doubtless would increase government deposits in national banks, particularly as the treasury is now in a strong position; but it is not likely that he will consider the appeals of speculators who merely wish to increase their obligations in Wall street. More elasticity in our currency system would help the money situation in this country.—New York Tribune.

SOLEMN EASTER OBSERVANCE

Impressive Easter Ceremonies by the Moravians at Salem

People Roused Early in the Morning by the Blowing of Trumpets—Long Procession to the Cemetery Where Solemn and Beautiful Services are Held—A Picturesque Custom That Still Lives.

A good and benignant folk are the Moravians of Salem, a picturesque old town whose ancient buildings, nestled among the foothills of the Blue Ridge, silently recount the peaceful history of one of the oldest Christian organizations in existence, as full of rambling interest.

Founded in 1759, the place still retains many of the old landmarks and of the old Moravian customs, though of late years the leveling process of our modern civilization has given birth to a mixed society more in harmony with the spirit of the age; so that the Moravian is no longer as distinctly marked as before, nor his town so striking nor so quiet of aspect.

Salem, is however, still sought by the superannuated brethren as the resting place and the place of declining years. It is the mecca to which all those who have been employed in the Moravian cause, either as pastors at home or as missionaries abroad, direct their steps. It is also a famous charming summer resort, to which large numbers of people repair in search of health or tranquil leisure, while the medical virtuoso, especially if he be German, is sure to find it a society both congenial and appreciative.

Many of the original buildings erected in the middle of the last century, stand today almost unchanged to greet the antiquary. As a sect, the Moravians have been in existence for more than five hundred years, having been organized in Moravia about the middle of the fourteenth century by the persecuted followers of the reformer and Martyr John Huss. A Swiss historian, A. Bost, of Geneva, says that "The Moravian brethren are descended through the Greek Church directly from the primitive church." Certainly it is, that at the beginning of Luther's Reformation they numbered about 400 parishes and 200,000 members, scattered over Moravia, Bohemia, and Poland, and in spite of persecution increased in numbers until they obtained legal recognition.

The characteristics of their cult are catholicity, ritualism, missionary enterprise, musical excellence, and emotionalism in education; that is, their methods of instruction are based on the theory that the moral character of the young is more firmly moulded by heart culture than by that of the intellect, though the Moravian colleges of America stand at the head of higher education.

The distinguishing feature of Moravian theology is the prominence given to the person and atonement of Christ. They eschew dogmatism and avoid controversy. Quiet earnestness and cheerful piety mark their daily life wherever found, and even death itself is met by them with sweet and cheerful resignation. When one of their number dies, the fact is announced by four trumpeters who mount to the church tower and play a solemn dirge. The characteristic of all music among the Moravians is that of the trombone, played usually in the open air—on the belfry, in the graveyard, or at the church door. Here the Moravian hymn is drawn out with wonderful expression and I have never heard music more weirdly beautiful than is evoked from these pensive wind instruments by Moravian players on Easter morning, an added reason for their being found, perhaps in the statement that among these devout people, the anniversary of Christ's resurrection is the most reverently cherished, the most impressively observed of all church days.

Let me describe the celebrating of Easter, which, anticipated with sober pleasure by the elders, creates visions of happiness in the minds of the young people of old Salem. Large crowds of visitors from all sections of the country come yearly to this Easter service. Usually the weather is balmy and the comely Moravian maidens ornament their house of God with the fresh sweet flowers and foliage of early spring. The floral decorations are artistic in conception and management, and so become a veritable firmament of evergreens and flowers.

The celebration begins on Palm Sunday, and when liturgical services are held, accompanied by a sermon appropriate to the commemoration of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, the exercises presenting a foretaste of the musical feast yet to come.

During the Passion Week, between Palm Sunday and Easter, a number of interesting services are held, both morning and evening, attracting a very general attendance. Of these the most solemn and impressive take place on Good Friday. The following day is called "The Great Sabbath," on which the Love Feast is celebrated.

The observance of one of the most original and distinctive features of this day's worship is the novel service of coffee and sweetened bread. To the air, already laden with fragrance of flowers, is added the delightful aroma of Java, distilled in huge urns in the basement below.

At the proper moment, as fixed by the program, the doors facing each aisle on either side of the pulpit, are thrown open, and through them file two processions, one of men and one of women, all bearing huge wooden trays, containing cakes of sweetened bread. The women who wear dainty white aprons and snowy mull caps, pass down the right aisle and serve

each female member of the congregation with cake, while the men, dressed in conventional blacks, wait similarly upon their own sex, seated upon the opposite side of the church.

When all are served with sweetened bread, the waiters pass out and return with the trays full of huge porcelain mugs of hot, steaming coffee. These are likewise served to the congregation which led by the choir, sing through the whole distribution.

The choir pauses when the bread and coffee have been passed around, and the minister arises, makes a few remarks, and finally, after asking the blessing of God upon the service, breaks the bread and begins to eat. This is the signal to the congregation to do likewise; after which they continue the anthem which the minister reads out stanza by stanza.

The cups and remnants of bread are later on borne out by the same waiters, and after more singing, interspersed with words from the preacher, the congregation rises to receive the benediction, and departs amid sonorous peals from the organ.

To the visitor at Salem during the Easter festivities the early morning service on Sunday, in the graveyard is the most solemn and impressive of the entire week. Very early in the morning, long before the first streak of dawn is seen on the eastern horizon, the church band according to an immemorial custom goes around the town and awakens the sleeping inhabitants by an Easter Choral played on the trombones. In the deepest darkness that precedes the dawn the sweet solemn music of the Moravian hymn floats out from the trombones upon the cool, quiet air of early morning; soft and low at first, each succeeding note swelling in volume, evoking countless echoes that are wafted back from the distant vale and hillside until all the air seems filled with the sweet joyous strains announcing "Christ has risen."

Soon lights are seen and the increasing number of the households, in each can be seen within a gleaming casement, and sounds of merry voices heard on every side, all laughter are on the streets, already people to the church, before us their way doors the congregation's massive assemblage.

The old clock in the steeple comes out from the church a pastor es upon the stone steps benighted of a gas jet. He reads a psalm and a hymn—which is sung joyfully and with whose voices the clear notes of the trombones procession is formed in fours, a with the band at its head playing a sacred hymn marches slowly past the church into an avenue lined on either side with majestic cedars a century old, which leads to the burying ground. When the weather is favorable, this spectacle is replete with pathetic and lovely suggestions. The performers in it are not merely reading of the great event, but are acting it over, under the inspiring influence of the open air sweeping down the long valley to the west at break of day.

The old cemetery is in the center of the town, and within its precincts the dead are buried in rows, rich and poor, old and young, side by side without regard to station or family ties. A tiny slab with name and date rests on each grave; and there is no other monument to distinguish the resting place of one brother more than another.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse. The place of fame and elegy supply. Awe-inspiring, almost weird, is the early morning pilgrimage to the city of the dead. The sombre shadows of the night are beginning to disappear, as, in long line, delicately defined silhouettes wend their way along, clearly and slowly the band plays its measured march, while echoing footsteps keep perfect time to the plaintive yet joyous melody.

The procession is timed to meet the rising sun. The pastor, the choir, and the band walk down the broad central path to the middle of the burying ground, while the people, separating to right and left, march around the outer paths, forming a hollow square—the living around the dead. When all are in their places, in the midst of solemn silence, the choir suddenly bursts forth into an awakening song, and just then—for everything has been arranged to a second—the sun rises behind a gray hill to the east. The band ceases playing, and, with head bowed, the man of God reads in slow solemn tones the Easter morning litany, and the multitude responds. Silence, solemn and profound, broods over the gathered throng whose faith sheds a radiance of sanctity and heavenly grandeur upon their humble and devout expectancy, as on this balmy morning of the early spring they await in spiritual communion with their departed loved ones, the resurrection hour.

Then from the voices of the assembled host there bursts a melody of joyous song mingling with the full, resounding strains of trumpet and trombone, and rising in gladness hosannas to the purpling sky, where now shines the sun—God's symbol of the resurrected life; and earth and heaven peal forth in glad accord: "The Lord is risen!"

Hallelujah, praise the Lord. By H. C. Kaerher in Industrial News.

Only Justice.

Lancia, the noted chauffeur, tells the following to illustrate the use of railroad excess checks, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

In the south, on a small railroad they did not use excess checks. A man riding on this road, without a ticket, paid the conductor his fare—a matter of \$3. The conductor took the money, counted it, and then carefully put part of it in his coat pocket and the rest in his trousers' pocket.

"Why," said the passenger, "do you divide the money that way?"

"The conductor, with a frown, replied: 'The company's got to get something, ain't it?'"

Mr. Burruss Corpew returned to her home in Norfolk yesterday.

HE WAS AN EGG BUYER

And He Knew a New Game Which He Worked Very Successfully.

We all live to learn and if what we learned was honestly applied the world would be better off. Here's the rub. It is noteworthy that men learn rascally quicker and faster than anything else and they forget it last. The good things have away of getting away; the bad hangs on.

Here is an illustration: Several weeks ago, a man, or two men—one report says there were two—came to Greensboro and rented a small store room on South Davie. The name was given as J. D. Marshall & Co. It is said a month's rent was paid in advance and the owner paid very little attention to the matter, though days went by and it was noticed that it was not occupied. Things remained quiet for about two weeks; then a well known firm in Greensboro commenced getting letters asking about the credit of J. D. Marshall & Co., "cold storage men" of this place. The local firm had never heard of them and sent a man out; he came back knowing no more. Then Bradstreet was communicated with, for letters kept pouring in, and he said he knew nothing about such a firm. Soon a man from down on Paige's road came to the city; he was hot; he said J. D. Marshall, or a man giving this name representing the company, had been all over that country buying eggs. The ruling price at the country stores at that time was 13 cents, but the buyer said his company was installing a cold storage plant in Greensboro and offered 17 cents. At this the country store keepers fell over each other to unload. At numbers of places he bought as many as 250 or 300 dozen, ordering them shipped to the firm at Greensboro. When a seller looked as if he did not care for a check, the money was paid, but in such cases the amount of the shipment was small. The man would tell every merchant that he wanted all he could get and for him to hustle around and ship him all he could. It was not until the checks commenced returning unpaid that anything was suspected. So far as known every one came back marked "N. G."

Investigation showed that when a shipment arrived at the freight depot in Greensboro an accomplice was on hand who at once paid the freight and reshipped them to points north.

Bradstreet kept on looking for Marshall's record and found that for some years he was a clerk in a wholesale commission house in Baltimore, but had left some months ago. Evidently there is where he learned how to "do business" and he came down this way, apply it.

How much money he secured is unknown; some put it at \$6,000, but untold amount will not be known until the checks come in and not even a, for a number of the shipper's a doubt keep mum. Let the exult coming in, some from some of western part of the state, swindled, men who have been ward of \$ it is said offered a conviction for the arrest and they suppose man, whose name boro Record. Marshall—Greens-

The "Pro-

A wealthy man at Home. A pool potteries is in the Liverpool of a good joke, but the subject of a continental exchange, chased a Sevens vase for hundreds of pounds, and brot carefully. Think of the home foreman of his works might the hint from the design, he clear a gentleman in and showed "hat treasure."

"How do you like it?" he asked. The forman took the vase in hand, turned it over and returned with the brief reply, "I don't think I can learn much about it."

"Why not?" asked the manufacturer.

"I don't like telling you, sir." "Come—out with it." "Well, I resigned that vase myself. It is a foreign imitation of our own work, and is worth five pounds at the outside."



Two Dyspeptics

If you are too fat it is because your food turns to fat instead of muscle—strength. If you are too lean the fat-producing foods that you eat are not properly digested and assimilated.

Lean, thin, stringy people do not have enough Pepsin in the stomach, while fat people have too much Pepsin and not enough Pancreatic.

Learn, thin, stringy people do not have enough Pepsin in the stomach, while fat people have too much Pepsin and not enough Pancreatic.

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